

Volume 6 - Bonus Chapter

Note: Exclusive bonus chapter that came with volume 6 publication

In the Kingdom of Sanakia, large paddies spread across the ground. On a highway that ran as though cutting through these paddies, was a horse carriage running along. Despite being protected by a number of soldiers, there was no serious atmosphere about it. The guards as well were walking along with relaxed expressions as though they were resting somewhere. Seeing this alone was enough to tell you that there were no VIPs in the carriage.

On top of that, there was no sign that they were holding anything metal, but there was nobody who would attack this carriage that had nothing but the number of guards going for it.

Indeed, there were no VIPs inside it.

The ones riding the carriage were three women.

One of them was a knight of the Kingdom of Shirone, Ginger York.

She was sitting by the entrance of the carriage, and listening to the conversation of the other two.

“Owner-Oniichan sure was cool, huh...”

The one speaking, filled with energy, was a girl wearing a baggy maid outfit; Aisha.

“Really, when it comes to marriage it has to be with a man like that, huh! Right, Okaasan?”

“Y-, Yes, that’s right.”

And as you’d expect, the other woman was also wearing a maid outfit.

She looked like how Aisha would look if she grew up without change and put on a pair of glasses, and her name was Lilya.

Behind her glasses were eyes that housed a cold light, and she gave the impression of a cool and cold woman... but right now, her eyes were swimming.

“He was really amazing the time he saved me, you know? He’d point his finger at the ground like *this* and a hole would open up, and then **PON**, we’d be flying through the air... I wonder if that was magic too. You can do anything with chantless magic. It’s amazing, isn’t it. Chantless magic is... something splendid.”

Aisha had been completely praising “Owner-Oniichan” for a while now.

On the other hand, Lilya was at a little bit of a loss.

It seems that her daughter hadn’t realised that the real identity of “The Owner” was her own brother Rudeus.

Since she had been saying ‘Oniichan’ from the very beginning, Lilya was sure that she had noticed, but it seems that it was just ‘Oniichan’ in the sense of an older male of that age.

“And you know? It was my first time with something like that so I accidentally wet myself, but somehow with Owner-Oniichan I wasn’t embarrassed at all. I ended up thinking that even if this person saw my everything, I wouldn’t mind... Could this be love, perhaps?”

Aisha brought her hands together as though in prayer, her eyes sparkling.

Seeing Aisha like that, Lilya was at a loss.

She didn’t know if she should say right now with this timing that The Owner was actually Rudeus.

Up until just the other day, Aisha hated Rudeus.

In opposition to Lilya telling her about how wonderful Rudeus was, Aisha thought that there was no way that was true, and turned her head away in a pout.

Of course, there was a problem with Lilya’s methods. Lilya was too set on having Aisha serve Rudeus, and spoke of nothing but his good and amazing points.

When the outstanding Aisha heard about this flawless and perfect human Rudeus, she immediately saw through to the fact that it was impossible. And then discovering the bad parts of Rudeus that her mother had been hiding, her mind closed up to him.

Rather than things that others tell them, people place more weight on things they see and discover themselves.

If it were an older Aisha a few years later, perhaps she would have noticed that the credibility of what she tried to discover, and what others tried to tell her were the same, but she was still young.

She thought that her mother’s words were all lies, and Rudeus was a no-good person, opposing her mother. Though there were probably better ways Lilya could have worded it, she spoke as though pushing Aisha’s brother onto her like an idol, which Lilya was regretting and reflecting upon. However, no matter how much Lilya tried to amend it, once you have an impression it’s quite difficult to remove it. While they were staying at the Kingdom of Shirone, Lilya had half-given up on fixing her daughter’s perception of him.

However, by some act of fate, right now Aisha was raving in praise of “Owner-Oniichan”.

Lilya considered things.

If it came to light that the wonderful Owner-Oniichan was actually Rudeus, would Aisha’s hate for her brother be cured?

And wouldn’t Aisha then serve Rudeus as Lilya wished?

On the other side of such thoughts, was the fact that Rudeus had been worried and hid his identity.

Up until the end, he had kept his identity hidden.

She didn’t know why he had done so.

But Aisha hated lies and being tricked.

Because Aisha was a clever child, she would see through adults’ casual lies and condemn them.

There was the possibility that if after all this time it was revealed that “actually, The Owner’s real identity is Rudeus”, Aisha would hate him even more.

She might misconstrue the fact that Rudeus hid his identity to the end, and think *‘it’s because he has darkness in his heart, as I thought Oniichan is a deviant, he even lied and washed my panties’*.

Lilya wanted to avoid this.

“Heyy, Okaasaaan. If Oniichan died, I’d sure like to serve Owner-san.”

“...”

Normally Lilya would smack Aisha on the head for saying something so unlucky. However, right now she couldn’t, and just gave a wry smile while she was running a cold sweat.

Should she tell Aisha that The Owner was Rudeus or not?

If she said it skilfully, Aisha would like her brother.

If she failed, Aisha would hate her brother even more.

She wouldn’t allow the latter, but she didn’t have confidence that she could guide this overly clever daughter of hers.

Not knowing what to do in the end, she continued listening to Aisha.

“You know, if I served Owner-san, I’d work my body for his sake. But because I’m not guarded against Owner-san, I’d even be defenceless when I’m changing and stuff, and one day, when Owner-san just happened to be turned on, I’d get pushed down and made his. From that day, an everyday life of obscenity would begin... I’d make it clear to him that it was only my body I was giving him, but then one day he’d say “I want your heart as well” and propose to me... Kyaaa~”

In contrast to the agonising Lilya, Aisha was laughing in her heart.
That The Owner was her brother, that her brother wasn't a deviant, that he wasn't perfect but he was outstanding like her mother had said...
Aisha had already seen through all of it.
And knowing this, she was teasing her mother.

Honestly speaking, she didn't really like her mother who had restrained her, telling her to do this, or that, since she was little.
When she asked the reason why, her mother would tell her to just do it, and every day was like this.
Training purely to serve a brother she had never even seen before... It was natural that she was unhappy about it.
But that was just until she actually met her brother.
Chantless magic, the wit to use it, the judgement to grasp the surroundings, the courage to enter the Shirone Royal Palace alone to save her mother, the gentleness to not make even one unhappy expression despite being dirtied by the pee of an unknown girl; it was enough to make the catchphrase "this is what 'cool' means" run rampant in Aisha's mind.

To become helpful to an outstanding brother like that, she would probably have to be good at basically everything.
She had already grasped as much, and by now she was even thankful to her mother for the training.
Had she not been trained from when she was little, she would probably flinch at the idea of serving her brother.

"Aa~ah, I wonder if Oniichan is deadd. If he was just dead already, then I'd be able to jump right into serving Owner-san."

"I-, If Rudeus-sama isn't dead, then make sure you serve him properly, all right?"

"Of course~ I know~"

But that was its own matter.
This was the first time Aisha had seen her mother confused.

"Ah-, but just one year is enough right? After that I want to keep serving Owner-san~"

"T-, That's no goo-... m~m..."

She decided to enjoy this fun situation for a while longer.